

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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'Tis weary waiting in this world of tears  
For some divine condoleance of our pain;  
Some heavenly cleansing of all earthly stain;  
Celestial balm for hearts that sorrow sears;  
Some golden consummation of the years  
To gleam far off thro' gray and cloudy time;  
One constant sun to shed a light sublime  
On human hope, and calm of human fears,  
That, wending here our slow, uncertain way,  
We might have glimpses of a glorious goal,  
Through momentary night, eternal day;  
A tranquil heaven past the turbid shoal,  
But blindly still we wander in the gloom,  
Vain guessers of unalterable doom.  
—London Sun.

## County Sketches.

### X. THE TENANT.

A boy stood in the corn-field with one shoe in his hand, looking at a young girl in a stylish riding habit go swiftly by on a fine horse. He had been working corn, and an old gray, flea-bitten mare with dilapidated harness stood by resting intently. For a half an hour or more he had been aware that a girl had worked in the way into his shoe, and he had put off removing the discomforting bit of foreign matter until he was forced to take that trouble or become lame.

When he reached the end of the row near the unfrequented road he had stopped, and just as he had got his shoe off he saw Estella Bensley riding by and he had started up with one foot bare as nature made it and his old brogan in his hand, the picture of confusion. The girl did not even glance his way. She was worse than unconscious of his presence! She made him feel that she regarded him as little as the dirt in the road in her hatefulness.

The boy looked at the radiant young beauty and considered his own appearance and groaned, "Was n't I a fool!"

Jared Burton was troubled in spirit at the sight of the girl. He was the son of a tenant of Squire Bensley. He had grown up on the farm in the tenant house at the end of the bottom land, and had played with Estella when they both were children. Then Estella had gone away to boarding school, and when she came back she knew the tenant boy no more. After her education was finished she was at home, but never spoke to her old playmate.

But the boy presumed and set his heart upon the daughter of his landlord, the only child of a wealthy farmer.

He was one of two children. His mother was a woman of refinement, who had taught him and his younger sister all that a mother might. His father was a hard-working farmer, perfectly content to spend his life as the farmer of another's land. The elder Burton had accumulated enough capital to own such personal property as would stock a farm, and was a man who paid his debts, but he was made to be a tenant. The spring before this story opens he had been caught by a falling tree and instantly killed, and it fell on Jared, who had just come of age, to take care of his mother and sister and to carry out his father's work, and he succeeded so well that the Squire was anxious to keep him upon the same terms that his father had rented year after year.

In the meantime he was cultivating in secret a deep and hopeless love for the Squire's pretty daughter, which in a clumsy, unsophisticated youth like Jared is apt to be productive of freaks. It was maddening to remain inactive, and he had put all his hopes on one cast on a Sunday night.

He was at church riding a fine young horse and dressed like the majority of youths of his neighborhood. When the service was

over and the people were slowly dispersing he brought up the horse Estella was riding, and as she accepted this favor as a matter of course from her father's tenant, he became rash enough to put the words that the country swain utters with so much difficulty and which come so awkwardly, in spite of the fact that they have been conned a thousand times, "Will you accept of my company home?"

And the girl, well bred and raised carefully and cruelly as she could: "No, sir! Certainly not! What do you mean?"

A drunken galloping against a tree near took in the scene and broke out, "No go, Jared, o' boy! Better let'er poun'—der while!"

Jared's disgrace was complete. The next day when Jared had put on his old clothes and gone to work in the corn-field, and the girl came by and showed her utter contempt for him, and when he thought of having had the audacity to ask her to "accept his company home" he groaned, "Was n't I a fool!"

Then back and forth across the corn-field he worked his way, doing his work mechanically, while he drank the dregs of defeat. The result of his experience was that he regarded life longer on the farm as intolerable, but he carried himself bravely until the end of his year, and Estella had no reason to complain of any attentions on his part. His mother seemed to understand, for when he proposed to look for another place, she consented, and encouraged him even in a wild dream he had of going to the city and trying his luck. The necessary work of turning the property into cash was performed in a short time, and the family started in life in one of the small cities of our State. To Jared's credit it must be said that he never for a moment thought of abandoning his mother or sister.

When he set up life in the city he had something over a thousand dollars capital, and an ability and willingness to work. What made his fortune, however, was the faculty which enabled him to estimate the cost of a proposed piece of work and to contract for it at a price that left him a fair margin of profit. As we have seen in the example of his boldness with his highborn sweetheart, on that summer night, he did not lack audacity. He began by contracting for and building a chicken coop, and in ten years he had finished a public building which was one of the show places of the State.

In all these years he had never been able to forget the love which he had so resolutely set aside, and when he compared his condition with that which was his when he left off farming, he gave the credit of getting out of the farmer's rut, in which there could have been no such success for him, all to his unhappy and misplaced passion. Had it not been the immediate cause of his leaving off farming?

Another might have informed him that setting his love so high was but in conformity with a nature that was capable of rising as he had risen. That high placed love was but the effect and not the cause of his progressiveness. It was but a part of his ambition.

There are many gray-headed men to-day whom the world gives the credit of working out their own industry and ingenuity, who are convinced in their own minds that their development was due to their having had a tremendous love affair in early life which unsettled them. They may rest assured that they would have made themselves just as foolish over some other young woman, and that particular conjunction of circumstances has very little to do with their successes or failures in business or professions.

At the end of ten years Jared had not married. He had avoided hearing about the county in which he had been raised, and he did not know whether his old sweetheart was married or not. About the time he had finished the magnificent building which was the mas-

terpiece of his life, he had been startled by meeting Estella in one of the corridors. She was there as a sightseer with one of the young ladies of the city, and when he saw her Jared knew he was not well yet.

He bowed instinctively, and the young lady of the city, who knew him by sight as a prominent business man, appropriated the bow and introduced her country cousin. She thought she was in luck. He was a man hard for society girls to meet because he did not go into society at all, but Jared Burton, who owned the best house in the city, was not therefore a less desirable acquaintance. When he heard that his old sweetheart was still Miss Bensley he knew that his love affair was not finished, and at the moment of their meeting she seemed more attractive to him, the city man, than she was years before, when as a young girl in her teens she had set him, the farm hand, half crazy.

Estella very graciously remembered Jared, and he showed the ladies over the building. Estella left the city that same afternoon, and Jared was very uncertain indeed as to what he should do. If there was someone else, or if it was still hopeless, he did not intend to expose himself again to the fever, but he had to admit to himself that the sweetest dream of his life would fail if he had to surrender her, and the cure that he had thought so successful was a delusion and a snare.

Shortly after this event he was electrified to see an advertisement of Squire Bensley's lands which were being offered for sale. The once wealthy and independent farmer had been caught in the booms which devastated the two Virginias some years ago, and his farm, the most desirable in the county, was offered for sale under a deed of trust on account of the default in the payment of a note for nearly five thousand dollars. At this sign of distress on the part of his dear one's father, his heart gave a great throb of unselfish joy. If he only knew how to help her!

By the merest chance he made a visit to his old county at once, and by the merest chance he went to the court-house on the first day of court, and by the merest chance, of course, he had five thousand dollars in money in his pocket and this is what happened.

He saw the old squire come from the village hotel with his daughter. The old man was broken in health and walked feebly, and it was apparent that he depended on his daughter to bear him up in the ordeal which he knew was before him. She watched over him with the greatest solicitude and care, and Jared hid in the crowd, thought he had never seen so sweet a woman. The father and daughter were accompanied by a lawyer, and all looked anxious. An auctioneer stood up on the steps and read the advertisement to the crowd of people, and asked for a bid. The trustee stood by looking very unhappy and near him was a hard featured man who seemed to be driving him on to a very disagreeable task. The auctioneer began:

"Now what am I offered for this valuable tract of land—"

The old Squire standing in front of him said, "Wait a minute, Strayer!" and then turning to the trustee and people generally continued: "By the advice of my lawyer I forbid this sale. I want to explain here in a public way the circumstances surrounding this sale, so that all concerned in it may not plead ignorance of what they are doing. When I married my wife two years ago I borrowed this money from Clarence Brandon, who told me at that time that as far as he knew he would not need it for ten years. I secured him with a deed of trust, and in it agreed that after sixty days the land might be sold for the debt for cash, according to the regulations provided by law. Without saying a word to me about it, he advertised my land a month ago. The debt is less than \$5000. Every man here knows that my land is

worth \$20,000; that I was offered \$20,000 not six months ago by William Carter, as good a man as there is in the county. I thought I had no occasion to sell it. I went to Francis Hazelton, and he, without a word, promised me the money. I got a letter from him a week ago saying he could not have it before tomorrow, but would then to a certainty. My daughter drove me to see Clarence Brandon and I showed him the letter and asked him to postpone the sale. He took me into his sitting-room and when no one was by, promised to do it. To-day he is not here, but Judge Chester, who represents him, says he has instructions to force the sale. I believe that it is a conspiracy between Brandon and Hazelton to rob me of my farm. If I had two days to reach a bank I could raise twice that amount, but I am afraid that there is not that amount in currency in the whole town today."

A murmuring rose in the crowd of upturned faces, but the sum was too large to raise by the farmers present. Should the land be knocked down to anyone not having the currency to make the cash payment, it would immediately be sold again, the auctioneer announced. Here was Jared's opportunity, and in as off-hand way as he could assume he approached the Squire and spoke to him and told him that he had, fortunately, enough money in his pocket to redeem the land, and gave him a roll of bills, the sight of which made a deep and lasting dent in the brain of every downtrodden farmer present.

The Squire's head was half turned by the sight of the money, and all interested parties withdrawing to the lawyer's office soon redeemed the land, and drew the necessary papers releasing the old loan and arranging for the new one. In vain did Estella try to make her father understand that this city man was Jared Burton, who had been raised on his farm and had worked for him. He recognized him as a friend of his named Burton, who had been in the Legislature with him some years before.

But Burton must come home with them. The Squire never thought he had shown any friendliness until he had made his friend's guest. And in this case he found a man who was quite ready to visit him. The arrangement was soon made. A neighbor there could drive the Squire home, and Jared was to go in the buggy with Estella. By some chance these two were left in the lawyer's office alone, and Estella said, impulsively: "Jared, I do not believe you had all that money to-day by accident. I believe it would have killed father to have lost his farm. How can we ever thank you?"

"We won't discuss that. The question is whether I am to go home with you or not. I believe when we used to be boy and girl it was considered necessary for the boy to say, 'will you accept of my company home, and so I ask you.'"

The scene in the moonlight came to her, and she faltered, "What do you mean?"

"All, Estella, that I meant that night ten years ago, and you have the same power to make me just as wretched or just as happy."

"But you promised papa to go."

"You must say."

"Well, then, if I must say it, you may."

There was a perfect understanding between them from that time. Jared revisited his old home and saw the present tenant's bare footed boy and recognized the likeness to his old self. That fall he took the girl he had loved all his life, for better or worse, and she, remembering, was good to him forever afterwards.

### Public Speaking.

K. D. Swocker will address the people at Stone Bottom, Thursday night, October 27, Green Bank, October 28; Dunmore, October 29, at night. Every body is invited to come out to hear the young American on the issues of the day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

### BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

**David James, Senior, of Droop Mountain, Died Aged 104.**

W. T. P. Jones writes: David James, Senior, was one of the first settlers of the Droop neighborhood, in lower Pocahontas. He was from Norfolk, Virginia. It is believed he came here soon after the Revolution and located for a while near the head of Tramp Run, on property now owned by Richard Callison. He then lived some years at the Rocky Turn, now known as the Irvine place, where he built a mill. One of the stones is yet to be seen just below the road near where the mill stood.

From the Irvine place he moved on lands now occupied by George Cochran. The house is still standing and furnishes a correct idea of the kind of houses the pioneers lived in. It was here he passed the latter years of his life, and passed away at the age of 104 years. The name and parentage of his wife are not remembered.

His family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Nellie, Martha, Sally, David and John. Nellie James was married to Thomas Cochran, second wife, and lived near Marvia. Her children were William, Samuel, Isaac, David, Solomon, James, Jesse, Rebecca and Nellie. Special mention of these children found in the Cochran Sketches.

Martha was married to John Salisbury and lived on Tramp Run and finally went west. This John Salisbury was a son of William Salisbury, a native of England who opened the Salisbury settlement on Tramp Run. William Salisbury's wife Mary was a native of Scotland. He lived to the age of 104 years; and he is to be remembered as one of the pioneers of Lower Pocahontas.

Sally became Mrs. John Catlip who opened up an improvement on Droop Mountain, now in possession of the Renick family. Her children were David, Abram, John, George, Martha and Elizabeth. The latter married David Kennison and went to the West.

David James, Junior, married Catherine Parks and settled on Droop Mountain. They were the parents of these children: Mordecai, Jennie, Samuel, Elizabeth, John, Rebecca, Martha and Mary. Mordecai married Martha Tharp and went West. The Tharps lived on the Joshua Kee place, near Marlinton.

Jennie became Mrs. Jesse Cochran. Her marriage was attended by very romantic incidents, illustrating the fact that all may be well that ends well.

Samuel married Elizabeth Ewing, daughter of William Ewing, who lived on the Greenbrier, where Joseph Perkins now resides, and went West. William Ewing excelled as a maker of wooden mould boards for plows, and had all he could do to meet the demand.

John married Nellie Cochran.

Rebecca became Mrs. Emanuel Barrett.

John James married Nellie, daughter of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, and settled on Droop, where Lincoln Cochran now lives, but finally moved West. Their family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Jane, Eliza, Kate, David, William and John.

Thus with the assistance of the venerable John Cochran, probably the oldest man now living on the Pocahontas and Greenbrier border, and George Cochran, his relative and neighbor, the writer has been able to give something in illustrating the James' family history.

This paper will be concluded by recalling the fact that David James, Junior, lived to the age of 106 years. The greatest age attained by any one of our Pocahontas citizens, concerning whom we have any authentic information. The notice home still stands whence he departed for the unseen world, and his grave will be an object of interest in our local annals and should be carefully marked so as not to be forgotten.

David Cochran, a son of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, by his second

marriage with Nellie, daughter of David James, Sr., deserves mention from the fact that he was a veteran of the war of 1812. As has been noted elsewhere David Cochran's first wife was Sally Salisbury, daughter of William Salisbury, the Englishman, and lived on the Salisbury Place. He had for his mess-mates in the army William Salisbury, Jr., John McNeil, (known as Little John) and John R. Flemmens. He was in the affair at Crainey Island, near Norfolk. While it is not certain yet it is believed he served a four year term under General Harrison in the west, as he frequently spoke of him. It is probable that he was in the battle of Tippecanoe. John Cochran, near the Greenbrier line is the only surviving member of the old soldier's family. He will be 92 years of age November 2, 1898.

David Cochran, the veteran, suffered grievously the last three or four years of his life. He was treated by Mrs. Diddle of Monroe County for three years. She undertook to cure the case for forty dollars. Several visits were made; she was at his bedside when he died of hemorrhage, superinduced by this cancer, in October, 1881.

John Cochran has a vivid recollection of the Regimental Muster at Huntersville, in May, 1834. On returning from muster rather late in the evening, persons were using their horses in a furious charge against imaginary British on the Cummings Creek road, two miles from Huntersville. While not in the charge, Isaac Jordan's horse seemed to smell something of the make-believe battle, became unmanageable, reared and plunged, throwing his rider and severely fracturing his thigh. William Gibson, merchant and hotel-keeper at Huntersville, was sent for. After considerable delay, means were contrived to carry the injured and suffering man back to Huntersville in the dark. Squire Gibson, though not a physician, took charge of the case, reduced the fracture and kept the patient at his house for three months. John Cochran was employed to nurse him, and staid by him all the while, until he could be brought home.

John Cochran in his prime was a person of uncommon agility and muscular power. He was jovial in disposition and had a good word for every body, and yet it was his misfortune to be in one of the fiercest personal combats that ever occurred in his neighborhood. With remarkable magnanimity his opponent confessed himself in the fault and ever after there was no more fighting for John Cochran. Trouble quit looking for him after that.

George Cochran lives in the old James house. He was a faithful Confederate soldier and stands up for the Lost Cause with a fluent vim that is refreshing.

In perusing recent eulogies over successful jurists, statesmen, and divines, that in reference to their education but little importance seems to be attached to what was acquired at college, university, or seminary. It is estimated that the schools merely convert the mind into a store-house of dry facts, when scholastic methods are sedulously pursued and relied upon. The education that explained their success, by broadening, elevating, and adorning their intellectual character, seemed traceable to their careful and wide reading of the best up-to-date books; close and accurate study of nature and living men; and thoughtful investigation of the problems of life from the Bible point of view. If this continues to be the way of explaining success in life, there will have to be a great reform in scholastic methods, or our educational institutions will come to be regarded as places where youth, at vast expense of time and pecuniary means, are brilliantly taught how not to make a success at life under existing conditions.

The Republic of Liberia is about to sell out for protection; and it would put a strain on our consistency to refuse such a request from our own step-children, when we are forcibly adopting so many warring Republics.—Philadelphia Record.

David Cochran, a son of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, by his second